

HIS ANSWERS.

As Indian Fakir's Action Spoke Louder Than Words.

In the Northwest Provinces of India there lived a fakir who seldom made much use of his tongue in conversation. When a nod or a "yes" would do, he spared his words. The author of "Seventy Years' Reminiscences" relates the following story of him: A Mohammedan gentleman one day went up to him, accompanied by some friends, and said, with mock humility:

"May I trouble you, holy father, with three questions?"

The fakir nodded.

"The first question, holy father, is about God. People say there is a God; but I cannot see Him and no one can show Him to me, and therefore I cannot believe in Him. Will you explain?"

The fakir gave a nod.

"My second question," continued the gentleman, "is about the devil. The Koran says Satan is made of fire. But if so, how can hell-fire hurt him? Will you explain that, too?"

A nod.

"The third question concerns myself. The Koran says every action of man is decreed; now if it is decreed that I must do a certain thing, how can God judge me for it, having Himself decreed it? Please, holy father, answer me."

The fakir nodded; and while the party stood looking at him, he seized a clod of earth and flung it with all his might at the face of the questioner.

The gentleman became very angry, and caused the fakir to be arrested and brought before the Judge, to whom he made his complaint, adding that he had been so great he could hardly bear it.

The Judge asked the fakir if the story was true.

"This gentleman came to me with his complaints," replied the fakir, "and asked me three questions, which I carefully answered."

"He did no such thing," exclaimed the gentleman, "but threw the clod of earth in my face."

The Judge looked at the fakir and said, "Explain yourself."

"Assuredly," was the fakir's answer. "This gentleman told me that people said there was a God, but that he could not see Him, nor could anyone show him God, and therefore he could not believe in Him. Now he says that he has pain in his face from the clod of earth I threw at him; as I cannot see it, I will your honor kindly ask him to show us his pain, or how can I believe in it if I cannot see it?"

The Judge looked at the complainant, and both smiled.

"Again this gentleman asked how, if Satan were made of fire, hell-fire could hurt him? Now he will admit that father Adam was created of earth, and that he himself also is earth. But if he be of earth, how could earth hurt him?"

"As to the third question," said the fakir, drawing himself up with great dignity, "if it was written in my fate that I should throw a clod in this gentleman's face, how could he, and how dare he, bring me here for so doing?"

The Judge allowed that the fakir had answered the three questions with his clod and dismissed him, advising him, however, to reply to future questions in a less offensive manner.

An Interpreting Voice.

A good voice has a charm which enchains attention. No matter what may be the topic of the speech or the theme of the song, there is a prosaic advantage in a well-toned voice. Shakespeare hinted at that influence in "King Lear."

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

In his essay on "Eloquence," Mr. Emerson says that "the voice, like the face, betrays the nature and disposition, and soon indicates what is the range of the speaker's mind."

He illustrates his opinion by an anecdote from the Persian poet Saadi. One day a person with a disagreeable voice was reading the Koran aloud, when a holy man, passing by, asked what was his monthly stipend.

"Nothing at all," answered the reader.

"But why, then," asked the holy man, "do you take so much trouble?"

"I read for the sake of God," answered the person.

"For God's sake," rejoined the holy man, "do not read; for if you read the Koran in this manner you will destroy the splendor of Islamism."

Louis XI, of France, managed men "by his accent and the caresses of his speech." St. Bernard had such persuasive tones that mothers hid their sons, lest he should lead them to a monastic life. Robert Burns had a voice that charmed, and Henry Clay's accents and tones almost persuaded political opponents. The present writer, when a boy, heard the great Kentucky orator speak at Newburgh, in front of Washington's headquarters. Not a word which the orator said remains in his memory, but though it was fifty-three years ago, the voice and the gestures of the orator are a photograph.

Investigation of the records brought out the facts, which the surviving brother corroborate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

State Holidays.

Several States of the Union have legal holidays which are exclusively their own, generally in celebration of some incident in the State's history or of the birth of some great citizen. Illinois, for instance, celebrates as a holiday, with a suspension of business and closing of all banks and public buildings, the 12th day of February, which is the birthday of Lincoln.

California celebrates with a public holiday the 9th of September, and Nevada the 31st of October. On these days the two States named were admitted into the Union.

Louisiana makes a legal holiday and a notable occasion of the 8th of January, on which day the Battle of New Orleans was won by Gen. Jackson; and Texas celebrates similarly the 21st of April, which is the anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto. Texas also celebrates its independence of Mexico on March 2.

The Territory of Utah makes a holiday of July 24, which is "Pioneers' day;" and North Carolina patriotically observes, on May 20, the anniversary of signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, in which the North Carolina colonists proclaimed America's independence of Great Britain more than a year before the Declaration at Philadelphia.

The 17th of June, Bunker Hill day, is a complete holiday, but not a legal one, in Boston and in the cities and towns which surround it. Rhode Island makes a legal holiday in April of "election day," the old New England name for the day when the new State government is inducted into office.

South Carolina has two legal holidays which are unknown in other States, the 26th and 27th of December, which are regarded as a part of Christmas.

The observance of a special holiday tends to encourage in no State pride, for the history of no State is exclusively its own, but is related to that of the sister States. An "admission day," for instance, commemorating the State's entrance into the Union, can only suggest thoughts of national patriotism; nor can the anniversary of a great statesman's or chief's birth, or of a great victory over a foreign enemy, be otherwise than of general interest and advantage.

For Young Men.

Countless are the stories told of the young man who never seems to know when it is time to terminate his evening call on a young lady. In one, the girl is represented as asking if the milkman's wagon has passed; in another, the master of the house comes to the head of the stairs and inquires if the morning papers had come, or invites the visitor to stay to breakfast.

These things may look sarcastic, but his conduct warrants it. There is no girl who is well, and wants to keep so, who wishes to sit up all night with an ordinary young man. She can get all the information he has to impart in six hours, and every hour he stays after that is a dead loss. Some men ignore, or know nothing of, the polite little hypocrisies of society. They rise to go at ten o'clock, perhaps; their hostess says, "Oh, don't hurry—it is early yet," and they take her at her word, and remain for two or three hours longer; and all the time she is on needles. She knows she will be the laughing-stock of the whole family, and wishes him a hundred miles away. She can only yawn behind her handkerchief and pray for relief, and when the stayer does go, she runs up stairs three steps at a time, and gives a sigh anything but complimentary to the man who has so long outstayed his welcome. This is written in behalf of the girls who have become pale and hollow-eyed from being kept up until the early morning by their tactless wooers, who, it is hoped, will profit by two hints thrown out.

Animal Warnings.

Both birds and animals seem to have ways of warning one another, not only of their own kind but also of different species, of the presence of a supposed common enemy, says a hunter. As an illustration, suppose a person to be going stealthily through the woods or quietly seated upon a stump or fallen tree, and while there to be seen, as he is almost sure to be, by some of the sharp-eyed little wood folk. Now suppose a great many noisy persons have been giving out some notes or sounds peculiar to their species. All at once these sounds will be changed to others having a different cadence, or if the little thing was quiet before some sharp note of danger will take the place of its stillness, and other mammals and birds in the immediate vicinity will understand the warning and take up the signals. Then for a while they will act with the utmost discretion until confidence is restored, when the wood life will resume its normal ways until some movement of the hunter again produces the same phenomenon.

The Girls Like New York.

The recent charitable attempts to furnish indigent people with homes in the country have brought up again the curious disinclination which a great many suffering persons have to leave New York. One wealthy and indefatigable woman says that she has found any number of comfortable homes in this country where respectable girls could have all the comforts of life in doing light housework and where were kind and indulgent mistresses. But the girl did not want to leave New York. Their answer almost without exception was: "It's lonesome." In other words, with the average girl poverty is not half as much of a misfortune as the deprivation of society.

A Ship Canal for Florida.

Another project is on foot for a ship canal across the Florida Peninsula. The route proposed is to commence at the Gulf end, about fifteen miles from Cedar Key, run north-west to Orange Lake, then across the lake and down the Orange River into the St. John's River, about twenty miles above Palatka.

A man is always giving himself away, but a woman never says a word.

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

It Must Be Cool, Dry and Always Kept Dark.

Irreverent but forcible the exclamation of the admiring husband before the open door of this receptacle of family sweets: "By her fruits ye shall know her!" Cool, dry, and dark are the requirements of this special closet. Shelves, in reference to height of jars, at the top the distance between for pints, below for quarts and so on down until within three feet of the floor, where the space should be left to allow stone crocks, jugs and demijohns to stand beneath the lower shelf on the floor, says the Philadelphia Times. This one should go entirely around three sides of the closet. A small inner cupboard should be built for tumblers of jelly, marmalade and jams. Convenience and order suggest that each fruit should be in a compartment by itself and plainly labeled and dated. The beautiful and tempting the low, shining rows of amber and ruby filled jars, and what a refuge in times of emergency! A wise housewife is she who has a supply ready for not only the needs of her own household, but for the poor and sick, to whom delicacies are not procurable, however necessary, unless provided by the thoughtful kindness of those more fortunate in worldly stores. Preserves and "household missionary" work are not without harmony, and trifles tell in the summing up, "doing one's duty."

To the average good housewife, and the world abounds in such, given rules for putting up fruits and vegetables would be a little like directing an old physician how to write his prescriptions. Ancient receipts, verified by long practice, give her a superior knowledge. She knows that strawberries inaugurate the spring fruit process on that raspberry, currants, blackberries, etc., follow in luscious lines. Experience, likewise, has taught her that the first fruits, welcome as the face of a long-missed friend, are watery, not so firm as those that come a little later, and are, therefore, less liable to keep. Among her valuable precepts is one that a few dashes of real lemon juice greatly improves strawberry preserves and jellies; another that raspberries and currants cooked together in the proportion of one-third currant to two of raspberry makes a peculiarly delicious preserve. Again, a point worth knowing is that if a preserve be made from overripe fruit and has not the necessary firmness, instead of reboiling set the jars in the hot noonday sun, covered with pieces of clear glass, which remove at night and wipe off carefully. The jelly will become firm and as it shrinks the glasses should be refilled from the others.

A Prayer Full of Intensity.

"Col. Throckmorton, a distinguished Kentuckian in his day," said Mr. Charles F. Joy, whose seat the Committee on Elections a few days ago, decided to give to his contestant, Mr. O'Neill, "was once upon a time in substantially the same predicament that I have been in since I became connected with the House of Representatives. He was a passenger on a wooden sailing vessel when a frightful storm burst and the vessel became water-logged. The ship was pitching and dancing about like a straw in a whirlpool. The passengers were crying and appealing to Heaven for aid. Col. Throckmorton, with all the gravity of a Kentucky gentleman, viewed the scene with composure. The storm increased in fury. The sailors were running about, the officers were shouting, and everything was in confusion. About this stage of the proceedings the Colonel edged over to the side of the captain and said: "Tell me, is there really any danger?" "You see what the rest of the passengers are doing," replied the captain, "they are making their peace with God. If you ever do any praying, Colonel, you might do so with perfect propriety at this juncture. The vessel can't live five minutes. The next pitch or two will send her to the bottom with all on board." "The Colonel straightened himself, lifted his hat, looking up at the swirling sky with a reverent mien, and exclaimed: "Almighty God, if you ever intended to do Col. Throckmorton of Kentucky, a favor, now is your time to do it!" "Col. Throckmorton," concluded Mr. Joy, "lived to tell this story himself, which illustrates that a man should not despair until the last."—Washington Post.

Gold in Colorado.

It is no exaggeration to say that there is practically no sight in this State a thousand millions of low grade gold ore. It may cost \$500,000,000 or \$800,000,000 to take it all out, but it will furnish employment to hundreds of thousands and makes business enough to give Denver 500,000 people. Cripple Creek alone can not have less than \$100,000,000 in its hills already partially opened. The great tunnel from Idaho Springs under the mountain to beneath Central will take out several hundred millions from old and known veins. A dozen similar tunnels will be built in other localities. Many thousands of gold seams have been opened at periods under conditions that offered no profits. Most of them will now pay. Colorado's gold belt extends from Boulder, Manhattan, in Larimer County, and Hahn's peak, with a broad sweep southwest to the corner of the State. It is the largest and richest gold field in the world. We doubtless have more gold than silver.—Denver Times.

Let 'em Be Reasonable.

Fifty years ago some good Whigs would not touch a "Jackson paper" except with the tongs, and the Democrat was not less intolerant of the Whigs. We laugh at them both today, and most of us, whatever our party feelings, are able to admit that neither Henry Clay and Daniel Webster on one side, nor Gen. Jackson on the other, can be justly charged with plotting the country's ruin.

But are we really more reasonable than they were? What do you think, you who read this paragraph, of your political opponents? Do you think they are sincere and honest and patriotic?

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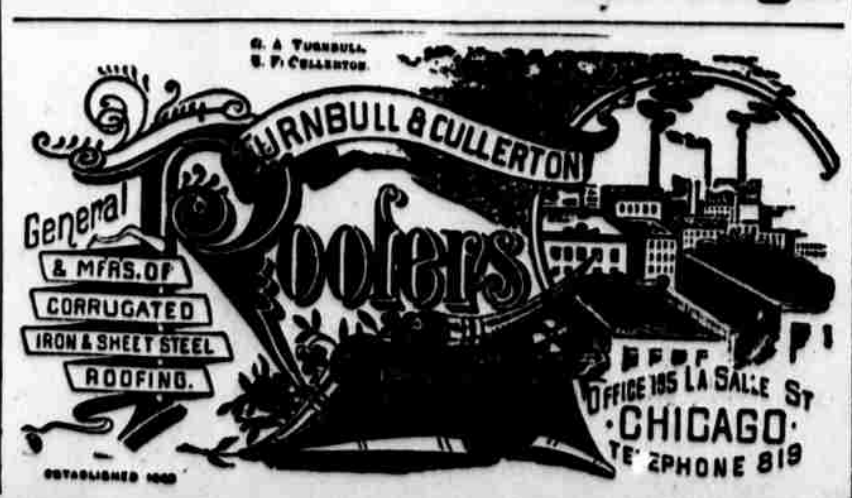
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